

AT MIDNIGHT OR LATER

At midnight or later
when he comes home,
four nights a week five nights six nights
we can hear the roar of our neighbor's car
as he maneuvers it carefully
into position and drives
fast backwards up the driveway
so that at 7:00 the next morning
he can drive out fast forwards.

-- Ben Yandell

Pasadena CA

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

after/ Gerald Locklin

A few years ago, I remember visiting
Some old friends of mine in Gardena

They've been married many years,
And their affection for each other
Has always been considerable

On a recent anniversary, they'd given
Themselves a tablecloth upon which
Were embroidered the words:
WILL YOU STILL NEED ME
WILL YOU STILL FEED ME
WHEN I'M 64?

Now, this pop music sentiment gave me
An idea for a way to sweeten my own marriage
Which was going sour as somebody's first
Sousaphone lesson

Already figuring her fondness for the
Beatles would hold me in heavy favor,
I take my wife into an uncompromising
Embrace and whisper the words I dream
She's been longing to hear:

"Will you still need me, will you still
Feed me, when I'm 64?"

She lengthily exhales and looks at me,
With her eyes full of distance, saying
In that incomparable voice of hers:

"I was thinking about getting rid of you,
Maybe, a week from Tuesday"

CONVERSATIONS & THE NEW POETICS

Koertge & I were born in little
Illinois towns, so, whenever we

happen to meet, we never discuss
the ultimate wedding of literary

politics & poetry; we talk about
things like how far it is between

Oak Park & Aurora, or, if one were
in Streator, would Olney be closer

than Ancona

-- Michael C Ford

Westside Station CA

THE YEARBOOK

a box, a coffin full of garbage, junk
left over from high school, and inside
on top my senior yearbook like Halloween
all the ghosts returned from the tomb
screaming, bloody, and knocking about
my brain. I never joined anything: not
Latin Club, Spanish Club, History Club,
Future Teachers, Junior Achievers, Rifle
Club, Art Club, Science Club, stage crew.
I never went to my high school proms,
not a dance, not a hayride, or a basket-
ball game, not a football game, not
a free night in the gym. I never
went out for a sport: not swimming,
wrestling, track, not football, basket-
ball, baseball, soccer or any of those
boy games. my fellow students hated me,
generously, and I hated them. I flip
through the pages, glossy pages, they
feel like a pornographic magazine. I